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"Go deep enough there is music everywhere."—Carlyle.
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A Musical Magazine for Everybody.

VOL. I. No. 1.

OCTOBER 1893.

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Contents.

	PAGE
PHOTOGRAPH—MEISTER GLEE SINGERS ...	1
BIOGRAPHIES	2
HOW TO PLAY WITH EXPRESSION	3
ON FAILURES	5
INTRODUCTION	7
NOTES BY NEMO	7
HOW TO ACCOMPANY GREGORIAN MUSIC ...	9
PEEPS THROUGH AN OPERA GLASS	11
LEAVES FROM AN AMATEUR'S JOURNAL ...	13
ONE-SIDED MUSICIANS	16

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The Minim,

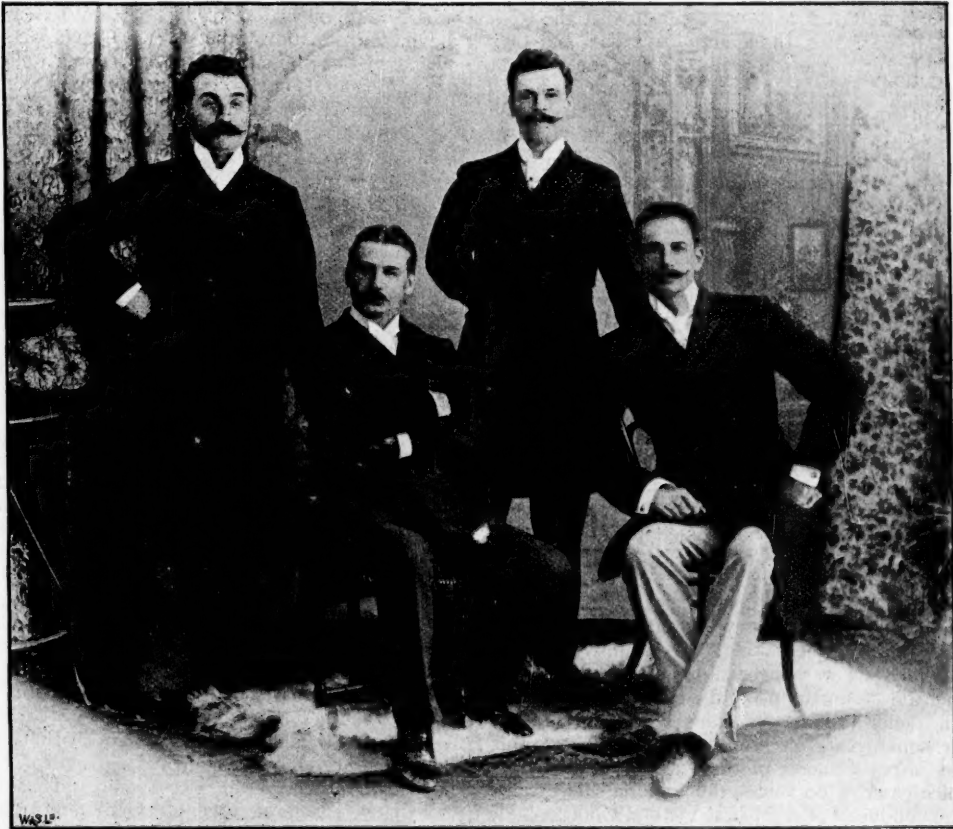
A MUSICAL MAGAZINE FOR EVERYBODY.

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Price, One Penny.
By Post, 1d.

The Meister Glee Singers.



MR. WILLIAM SEXTON. MR. WILLIAM FORINGTON. MR. GREGORY HAST. MR. WEBSTER NORCROSS.

From a Photograph by Wayland & Co., Blackheath and Streatham.

THE MEISTER GLEE SINGERS.

"THE MEISTER GLEE SINGERS" are undoubtedly at the top of what may be called the Glee Singing Tree. Their climb has been a quick as well as a safe one, for it was only three years ago that the Quartette was formed. Since then they have made the acquaintance of nearly every large town and city in the United Kingdom, and have everywhere been enthusiastically received. We English can still thoroughly appreciate the Glee and Madrigal, and the triumphs of the "Meister" Quartette go far to disprove the oft-repeated declaration that the art of part-singing is slowly languishing in our midst. The "Meisters" have already made three or four long provincial tours in company with such artists as Mmes. Marie Roze and Nordica and Mdle. Nikita. They have been invited over and over again to visit the Continent, the States, India, and Australia; but they have learnt the lesson that their first duty lies at home, and they have not yet run away from us except to give one concert in Paris last March. They have sung before nearly all the members of the Royal Family, the Queen herself having personally congratulated them.

The M.G.S. have now an enormous repertoire of original and manuscript glees, plantation melodies and humorous part-songs, which is believed to be unequalled by any quartette in the world. All four members stand upon an exactly similar footing, and there is thus secured from each one of them greater interest and individual attention to business, their motto being the same as their telegraphic address, viz., "Ensemble."

MR. WILLIAM SEXTON

was musically educated in the city of Norwich, where he was a pupil of Dr. Buck, organist of the Cathedral. He left his native city for an appointment as principal alto at York Minster, where he was five years. He then gained the appointment at Her Majesty's Chapel Royal, St. George's, Windsor, being chosen out of twelve candidates. Shortly after he competed against twenty-five candidates for a vacancy caused by the death of Mr. Barnby, the alto at Westminster Abbey, in which he was successful, and was appointed on the foundation, and is at the present time solo alto at our famous abbey. He was for some years choirmaster to St. George's-in-the-East, conductor of the once celebrated male voice choir of 60 voices, the Victoria Glee Club; also conductor of the Royal Victoria Choir, a body of 150 in chorus and orchestra; conductor of the Brixton Choral Society for some time; and, until lately, music master to two of our largest middle-class schools, viz., The United Westminster Schools and Wilson's Grammar School. He is the writer of a little book called "Glees and Glee

Clubs," and most of the cathedral and collegiate churches in England and Ireland, and a large number of the principal churches in London, have had solo boys from Mr. Sexton's training school.

MR. HARRY GREGORY HAST

was born in London in 1862, and received his first musical education at St. Peter's, Vauxhall, where he was solo boy for several years under Mr. Alfred Eyre (now organist at the Crystal Palace). Since that time he has practically been a singer without a break, having filled appointments as tenor at Westminster Abbey, St. Peter's, Eaton-square, and Holy Trinity, Sloane-street. In consequence of the pressure on his time, however, he has been compelled to relinquish his church duty. He was for some years conductor of the Thornton Heath Musical Society, where he produced four or five works every season; but on the formation of the Meister Glee Singers (of which he was the original tenor) he was obliged, through lack of time, to give up this appointment. He was chiefly known as an oratorio singer, having all the better-known works in his repertoire. In 1886 he married the well-known pianist who has since been on tour with him with Mme. Marie Roze, Nikita, &c., and will be the pianist on the Meister Glee Singers' tour in the coming Autumn. His favourite pastimes are cricket and billiards, and he has a great love for dumb animals. He has had many amusing experiences in his travels all over the country, not the least being when he (not unnaturally) mistook Alderman Ben Tillett for the "Boots" of an hotel at Bristol. The Alderman took it very well, however, and complimented the M.G.S. on their success at the concert, at which he had been present. Mr. Gregory Hast was born on the same day of the year as Mr. Sims Reeves, of whom he is a pupil. He spends much of his spare time in composing, and has written several glees, part-songs, church services and songs.

MR. WILLIAM FORINGTON,

the baritone of the quartette, commenced singing at an early age, entering the choir of King's College Chapel as a boy and receiving his musical education from Professor Monk. On his voice breaking he studied voice-production under Edwin Holland and Ernest Wadmore, making his debut as a baritone vocalist at St. James's Hall at one of Mr. Henry Leslie's concerts. He has devoted a great deal of his time to oratorio music and glee-singing, and has sung for many seasons at the noblemen's and gentlemen's Catch Club, and at the Round, Catch and Canon Club. On the resignation by Mr. Lewis Thomas of the part of principal bass at the Temple Church, in September, 1885, he was offered, and accepted, the vacant position, which important office he has held ever since.

MR. WEBSTER NORCROSS,

the basso, is the American member of the Meister Glee Singers, though his name is of Lancashire origin, he having discovered that a Henry Norcrosse was vicar of Ribchester (an old Roman town in that shire) during the latter part of the 16th Century. Mr. Norcross was born in Boston, of a family who opposed the idea of an able-bodied man engaging in the profession of music. So he "went west to grow up with the country," and spent three years in, and in the vicinity of, the ancient town of San Antonio, Texas, most of the time in a wholesale house. Becoming acquainted with several "cattle men," and having determined to return north, he arranged to join a party of cowboys, and after appearing one Saturday night as Gaspard, in a local amateur "Cloches de Corneville" performance, he left early next morning to join a dozen others to drive 3,000 wild cattle through Northern Texas and Indian Territory to Kansas. This was ten years ago, when the country was wholly unsettled, and exciting times in the way of stampedes, &c., were frequent. After two months, averaging 16 hours per day in the saddle, Mr. Norcross arrived at Dodge City,

and, after recuperating six weeks at a friend's ranch on the Cimmaron River, passed two years each in St. Louis and Chicago as representative of an Indianapolis house, during that time singing in the Church of the Messiah quartette in the former, and the Immanuel Baptist quartette at Chicago, where the great "Orfeo," Mme. Hastreiter, was soprano, and occasionally with the famous Chicago Church Choir Opera Company. Finding then that it was impossible to make a success of both musical and commercial pursuits, he, of course, gave up the latter. But, having artistic successes though financial failures with several characteristic western opera companies, he left America for Germany, and studied a season with Prof. Stockhausen in Frankfort, and was then at once engaged by the Carl Rosa Company. During two seasons with them he played successfully—King in "Lohengrin," Peter in Meyerbeer's "Star of the North," Bertram in "Robert the Devil," and Cardinal in Halévy's "Jewess," soon after Carl Rosa's death leaving the company to help organize the "Meister Glee Singers." Our illustration has been engraved from a photo by Wayland & Co., of Blackheath and Streatham.



HOW TO PLAY WITH EXPRESSION.

Sir John Stainer, in the course of a very interesting address, delivered before the Incorporated Society of Musicians last January, said, very truly, that, left to themselves, "Young performers always preferred to exhibit their skill rather than their taste." Why should this be so? The answer is not far to seek. In too many cases it arises from the incompetence, apathy, or prejudice of the teachers. Many professing to teach are themselves totally unable to play a simple air with anything more than mechanical accuracy, and, never having heard of or seen a single rule in the various instruction books from which their principal ideas are derived, are as blind leaders of the blind; there is no help in them. Others cling to the old idea that expression is something which cannot be taught or communicated, because it is a matter of feeling and the heart; so, between the two stools, the musical instincts of the student are never cultivated at all, when they really need to be specially cherished and encouraged.

Another cause is that unfortunate English habit of regarding music as "an accomplishment" rather than an art: as something to be *done* to astonish, exhibit cleverness, or excite envy. As demand creates supply, the school of Herz, Thalberg, and their countless imitators of high and low degree arose, emulating each other in the science of constructing pianoforte pieces warranted "showy" and "brilliant," whilst adapted to the meanest intelligence: so for many years our domestic musician

was regarded as a kind of rival of the juggler, who, if he did not drop many balls, or dig his eyes out in his celebrated knife-trick, was worthy to be ranked with the manipulator of the key-board who could cover the most notes in a minute with the fewest wrong notes or horrible discords.

A better day has now dawned, and amongst young violinists and singers a certain improvement is to be noted. But, on keyboard instruments, very mechanical performances are the rule rather than the exception: the race is still after "technique" in preference to "expression." Some students are, however, beginning to discover that the really successful performers are those who play with the heart and head as well as with the fingers, and, accordingly, are giving the art of expression more attention. It is to be regretted that, although there are plenty of works dealing with the higher æsthetics of musical art, with the exception of Lussy's excellent "*Traité d'Expression*" there is no book in existence which makes practical suggestions. We therefore propose to give a few hints on the subject, which, if intelligently and consistently carried out, will, at all events, lift the performances of many students from their usual monotonous dead-level.

Musical sounds, taken singly, can only differ from each other either in respect of loudness, pitch, duration and tone (timbre or quality). The latter we need not now consider, as it is more a matter of physics than art, and, moreover, in the case of key-

board instruments, which we are now more especially regarding, it is not so immediately under the control of the performer.

This being so, it would appear that the whole art of expression lies in a proper treatment of these various qualities and in the disposition thereof. A great part of the quality known as expression is derived, however, not solely from the effect of the single notes forming the melodies, or the combination of single notes forming the harmonies, but from the association that one note bears to another in respect to length, pitch, or loudness, or the association of one phrase with another.

Therefore, in addition to an acquaintance with the means at our disposal for producing certain effects, we must know when these effects are to be applied, or, in other words, when and where we are to use them, as it is absolutely impossible for a composer to indicate all the varieties and shades of expression possible in any given passage.

Roughly speaking, and subject to certain limitations, the three principal rules of musical expression applicable to melodies are as follow :—

1. Ascending passages in the same phrase usually suggest a crescendo, and descending passages a diminuendo effect. High notes will be louder than low notes.

2. Ascending passages suggest an *accelerando*, and descending a *rallentando* effect.

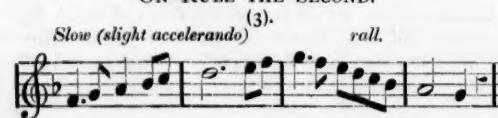
3. The first note of a phrase should be an accented, and the last an unaccented note, no matter on what beats of the bar they may occur. (The various ways in which accents are produced will be explained later on).

We will give some passages illustrating in succession the first, second and third of these rules.

ON RULE THE FIRST.



ON RULE THE SECOND.



Before going on to the third rule we must consider the meaning of the word accent. The dictionary will tell us that it means "stress"—and so it does. In music it can be, however, produced in several ways. It by no means follows that an accented note must always be a loud one—the effect of prominence is sometimes produced by the nature of the music itself, and is provided for by the composer; or it may be produced by the performer, who may make a certain note louder or longer than its predecessor. It may be a naturally accented note, either by its situation in the bar, or by reason of its being approached by a wide leap, or after a rest; and in the latter cases it need not necessarily be a loud note. Unaccented notes uniformly require a diminution of tone as compared with their predecessors or successors.

Now, as every moderately long note must be either an accented or non-accented note, it is of the utmost importance for an intelligent performance that the beginnings and ends of the phrases be clearly in the performer's mind, that the accents be properly distributed.

Which of the various kinds of accent are to be employed? Circumstances alter cases, and one cannot lay down a hard and fast rule beyond this—that the accent indicated by the time signature should not over-ride the rhythmical accent of the phrase, that the same kind of accent must never be attempted on successive notes not separated by rests, which in themselves produce a kind of accent, and that no notes of the same phrase be isolated. Further details will be dealt with later on. Viewed in this light, the extracts already given will now appear as here given: the slurs indicate the beginnings and ends of phrases in the usual manner :—

ON RULE THE THIRD.





The above melodies require to be phrased as above. If in addition the other rules be carried out with taste and discretion, the general effect will

be good. It should be borne in mind that the most effective use of the *rallentando* is at the cadential sections. When phrases are separated by wide leaps as well as rests, such as are always implied by slurs, the notes occurring on the strong beats of the bar should not be made loud, unless they coincide with the first note of the phrase.

Next month we shall consider the effect of chromatics and harmony on musical expression, and give some important rules on the art of phrasing.



ON FAILURES.

One of the most dismal and depressing words in the English language is this word "Failure." What strivings, disappointments and real misery are not associated with it? Some young tradesman, politician or artist, full of self-confidence and self-reliance, looks with a pitying eye on the world's failures, and then, only too often, suddenly finds himself in the same category. Why is this? Or how is it that it so frequently happens that, in spite of that dread of failure which is more or less common to all, it so often overtakes us?

The causes of failures are generally two-fold—(1) Want of determination and persistent effort under all difficulties; (2) Want of foresight and prudence.

Both these qualities are essential to success, and, if either is lacking, the most brilliant talents or exceptional abilities will avail nothing. It would be easier for the proverbial camel to pass through the needle's eye, or for a farm labourer to become a Lord Chancellor, than for a lazy, careless or indifferent person to achieve any lasting success or distinguished place in the world's history. It is strange that there should be in existence plenty of people who, while ambitious enough in all conscience, are very easily discouraged; but such is a fact. A large proportion of youths indulge in day dreams of what they are going to do by and by; and yet, somehow or another, it rarely comes off. This is often owing to the fact that, when the motive power is vanity or pride (one of the most powerful sources of stimulus in the world and one of the most useful kept in due check), if it is not backed up by that strength of will which laughs at obstacles, the too-thin-skinned one's efforts come to an end at the first discouragement. How many disappointed artists are there who might have had a good place in the estimation of the world had not their first effort (submitted, of course, to Burlington House) been "declined with thanks," and

all their ambitions crushed thereby for ever? How many young composers have had their aspirations dashed to the ground by the return of their works with a polite intimation that the publishers are overstocked with similar things?

Let us consider the second point. As it would be foolish to expect to excel in a career simply because it was an agreeable or interesting one, so it is necessary that, in addition to the requisite ability for the particular walk of life selected, we should be possessed of such common sense as will ensure the using of talents and opportunities to the best advantage. It is, in short, mere waste to plant good seed in fertile soil if in an unfavourable situation for development, just as it would be equally ridiculous to plant good seed in poor ground, or spend much pains in preparing the ground if the seed was so poor that it could hardly be expected to come up at all. Good seed, good ground well prepared, and favourable opportunities for development are all equally necessary.

Some people with good abilities so misdirect their efforts that their effect is lost. Seneca says that a virtuous man struggling with misfortune is such a spectacle as the gods might look upon with envy; but, if the misfortunes are produced by the otherwise virtuous man's short-sightedness, carelessness or obstinacy, the ultimate result will be the same, and is certainly not to be envied. A very rare faculty is this power of anticipating the result of any given action; yet it is probable that it is the most valuable quality a man can possess. We so often are prone to imagine that the effects of a given cause are going to be what we should like them to be, or what they appear to have been under what seem to be similar conditions, that we forget that sometimes one cause produces different effects, and that circumstances alter cases. Outwardly like conditions are so often really unlike that one can hardly too often weigh over and

ponder what will be the result of any given set of circumstances. It is positively amazing what a variety of consequences may accrue from even simple actions. The successful man always first well considers the probable result of everything he proposes to do in all its aspects, and, having decided on his line of action (and here our first point comes in again), does it with all his might.

For success, then, it is imperative that the line of action be clearly in sight, and that this be decided after due deliberation. Otherwise, confidence in its policy will be wanting, and vacillation and failure therefore inevitable. One must *believe* in one's own wisdom, and this is only possible after all the *pros* and *cons* have had due consideration. It is absolutely necessary that we should not be harassed by doubts as to the expediency of this, or the advisability of that, when the action is fairly commenced. But the eyes must be firmly fixed on the goal, the will braced up, determination resolved upon, and success will ultimately crown our efforts.

But what is success, and what is failure?

Neither is directly associated necessarily with wealth, position, fame or reputation. There are plenty of men who have all these, and yet are wretched because they know themselves to be failures, just as there are plenty of others who have nothing and yet are happy. The only ultimate object of striving is happiness, and where this exists there can be no real failure. Therefore, in the long run it may be said that the surest token of success is the approval of a good conscience, exactly as it is declared that "honesty is the best policy" by those who have tried both.

Success or failure is not therefore to be decided by its immediate results. Just as Homer begged his bread through the seven Grecian cities, each of which afterwards claimed the honour of giving him birth, so many of our greatest efforts bear fruit only as it seems too late. If the only motive for exertion be a selfish one, and there be delay in the return of the profits expected, the sense of failure

may be great, though probably deserved; but with the approval of a good conscience this sense of failure cannot be experienced to any extent. And this is why so many of the great geniuses of the world from Homer downwards have been, though miserably poor judged by the standard of the world, supremely happy judged by their own consciences. Success may therefore be individually experienced through the medium of the conscience even though its benefit to mankind is not immediately apparent.

Nor is monetary success a fair standard of comparison. Dion Boucicault's play, "The Shaughraun," produced £30,000 for the lucky author, while Shakespeare received £5 for Hamlet. It is strikingly untrue, in the case of the productions of human skill and genius, that an article is worth just as much as it will bring. Early failures are to many temperaments absolutely beneficial in that they lead to increased efforts. The well-known instance of Prideaux, who failed to obtain the post of parish clerk at Ugboro' (Devon) through defective education, is a case in point. His latent genius was so stimulated by this failure that he, vigorously applying himself to learning, ultimately became Bishop of Worcester. And it is a fact that one of the best known right reverend Bishops who now adorn the House of Lords was once rejected on his preaching his trial sermon for the incumbency of a suburban church.

What, then, are the requisites for success?—(1) Dogged perseverance and the approval of conscience. (2) Common sense.

The union of these qualities will almost necessarily lead to the fulfilment of all our ambitions in so far as they are laudable and legitimate. But, as all men have not that most uncommon gift of "common sense," failures will still occur. These unfortunate beings should recollect the words of Addison in his "Cato" (act i, scene ii):—

"'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius; we'll deserve it."

— * * * * *

IN a medical treatise published some little time ago a statement occurred that players and musicians, from breathing the impure air of theatres and concert-rooms, were generally short-lived. That this is not entirely true is shown by the following list of 19th century musicians: Cervetto, violoncellist, 92; Mariotti, trombonist, 92; Dragonetti, contrabassist, 93; Sir George Smart, organist, 91; Neate, pianist, 91; Auber, composer, 89. The following averaged at death 80: Clementi, pianist; Mahon, clarinetist; Lindley, violoncellist; Neukomm, composer; Cramer, pianist; Horsley, composer; Anfossi, contrabassist; Mackintosh, bassoonist.

"As those who mourn at funerals for pay do and say more than those who are afflicted from their hearts, so the sham admirer is more moved than he that praises with sincerity."—*Horace*. (Rendered into English by C. Smart).

THAT most popular, if not the most original and effective lyrical production of modern times, Gounod's "Faust," whilst played to crowded and enthusiastic audiences in Paris and all over the Continent, actually remained shelved in London seven years before it delighted the ears of an English public.

Our next number will contain a Photo and Biographical Sketch of Madame Fanny Moody, Articles on "The Curse of the Musical Profession," "Musical Expression as applied to Harmony and Phrasing," "Church Music as it Is and as it Should Be," "Leaves from an Amateur's Journal," No. 2., &c., &c.

The Minim.			Contents.	PAGE
A MUSICAL MAGAZINE FOR EVERYBODY.				
VOL. I.	OCTOBER, 1893.	NO. 1.		
All Local Notes, Advertisements, &c., to be sent to the Local Publishers.			Photograph—Meister Glee Singers	1
All other Communications should be addressed to—			Biography	2
<i>The Editors, "The Minim,"</i>			How to Play with Expression	3
<i>84 Newgate Street,</i>			On Failures	5
<i>London, E.C.</i>			Introduction	7
			Notes by Nemo	7
			How to Accompany Gregorian Music... ..	9
			Peeps Through an Opera Glass	11
			Leaves from an Amateur's Journal	13
			One-sided Musicians	16

INTRODUCTION.

A VERY serious apology would be necessary from those undertaking the responsibility of starting a new musical journal if it did not contemplate "breaking fresh ground," or seek to occupy virgin soil. There are already in existence excellent papers chronicling the progress of musical art, with the doings of its professors, boasting a circulation extensive enough amongst professional musicians; but, up to the present, the great mass of the public have not had a paper which presented really good, readable, practical and interesting matter, treating of music and the kindred "arts," at a nominal price. It is believed that this want will be supplied in the present journal.

It will be our aim to make every line of its contents useful, either in a directly practical manner or by stimulating general interest in the art. To effect this, a thoroughly efficient staff of able musicians and litterateurs will monthly contribute articles specially written, some designed to assist the student, amateur or professional, in his studies, and calculated especially to arouse his enthusiasm and keep him up to date—whilst others, treating of subjects not worn threadbare, will be of general interest. There will be a comparative absence of the "serial" form. Each number will be complete and satisfactory in itself, so that subscribers may commence at any period of the year without compunction. A special feature will be the portraits, illustrations and interviews with celebrities. In addition to these and the other novel features introduced into the present number, others are in contemplation which will, it is thought, make this journal something more than a mere retailer of news, gossip-monger or trade advertisement—a paper, in short, devoted to the interest of art in its widest, best and most utilitarian aspects.

— * * * * *

NOTES BY NEMO.

It is distinctly "hard lines." On the one hand I have a grim editor insisting that it is possible to make bricks without straw, or, to modernise the sentiment, make butter without milk; and on the other hand the undeniable fact that when a thing

must be done you may as well do it, if even the bricks be inferior (for my own part I should have thought that Egyptian bricks were made of something much more substantial than straw) and the butter be margarine. So, in the same way, I must

not be blamed if my notes are rather strained or cracked under the special circumstances of the case. I feel it the more because the aforesaid editor, having been good enough to let me off until the last moment before going to press, in the hope that something might turn up (nothing, however, ever does happen in August that everybody doesn't know), I am still in the position of having nothing to write about; and not being a prophet, and a cautious man to boot, I discreetly refrain from making a forecast which may turn out badly.

Holiday time is conducive neither to the cultivation of the critical instincts (for there is little music to hear) nor to the collection of those items of news which I shall hope to furnish from month to month when I am once more in town and in the way of picking them up.

I can only speak by repute of Mr. Farley Sinkins' promenade concerts, which appear to have been the only musical events of importance in London; and as yet the musical festivals at Norwich, Bristol, Cheltenham and North Staffordshire are still in the future.

The "promenades" appear to have been much more worthy the attention of cultured musicians than has often been the case. The music of the "first part" has been uniformly of a high standard, and an excellent orchestra has been conducted by Mr. F. H. Cowen in his own characteristically finished and musicianly way. I am not old enough to remember the establishment of promenade concerts by Jullien, who successfully inaugurated them in England; but note as a curious fact that, while Jullien first introduced Mr. Sims Reeves in opera (in "Lucia" at Drury Lane in 1847), it was as a successor of his that Mr. Farley Sinkins reintroduced the great vocalist on 11th Sept., 1893, forty-six years afterwards.

We may I hope suppose that it is owing to the improved taste of the public that Mr. Cowen does not find it necessary to astonish the audience as Jullien did with the British Army Quadrilles, or "The Last Days of Pompeii," in which there was a fearful and wonderful combination of music, with fireworks, scenery and action, a revival of which was attempted at the ill-fated Alexandra Palace during the Baldwin days (of parachute fame), with only moderate success.

The autumnal provincial festivals have little more than local interest, with the exception of Norwich, the only one producing novelties of importance. These are Mr. F. H. Cowen's romantic legend, "The Water Lily" (words by Joseph Bennett, the well-known *litterateur* and musical critic of the *Daily Telegraph*), Mr. A. R. Gaul's cantata, "Una" (words by Mr. Frederick Enoch), Mr. John Francis Barnett's cantata for female voices, "The Wishing Bell" (words by "Jetta Vogel"), an Orchestral Symphony by Edward German, and a

"Polish Fantasia," for pianoforte and orchestra, by Paderewski. The first-named three composers have all made their mark, and we know in a measure what to expect from each of them. They will each possess grace of style and perfect finish in detail, if they should be somewhat unoriginal or effeminate in character. This however is not necessarily a defect in those persons' minds who prefer *beauty*, even if it be of a familiar kind, to *power* (too often assumed to be synonymous with noise and ugliness). Mr. Edward German is distinctly a "coming man." His music is not only intelligible and intelligent, but it is markedly the product of a receptive and sympathetic musical intellect which has something to say and can avoid platitudes. His orchestration is excellent; and we shall be much surprised if his work will not bear favourable comparison in any respect, apart from any effect derivable from its "national" character, with Paderewski's Fantasia.

My own musical experiences during August have been confined to seaside music, some of it, I am bound to say, being good of its kind. I have visited several watering-places on the south coast—Ventnor, Eastbourne, Brighton and Hastings. Ventnor is a lovely place naturally, though it was terrifically hot while I was there. As I was, however, staying at Bonchurch (metaphorically the west, though actually the east end of Ventnor), which is literally embowered in shady trees, the heat was just endurable; but even the Sultan of Johore (who was also staying there) is understood to have found it almost hotter than India. The music on the beach was practically nil; even that on the pier was confined to the "nigger" species. For one penny you could have your fill. German bands and organs are almost unknown, thanks mainly to the geographical position of the island, and to salutary warnings and recommendations to the inhabitants affixed to public places, and even unto the doors of churches.

There is an excellent orchestra in the Devonshire Park at Eastbourne during August, under the able conductorship of Mr. Norfolk Megone, which gives two daily concerts. Brighton and Hastings, too, have many bands: some good, others indifferent and even bad; but, taking it altogether, Mr. Megone's band is the best I have heard this season; and I can conceive scarcely any more attractive earthly paradise than a comfortable seat in the beautifully-illuminated Music Garden, a good cigar, and a suitable companion, listening to Grieg's "Peer Gynt" suite, the overture to "Oberon," Maggie Davies' or Braxton Smith's dulcet tones. And so seemed to think, besides myself, many other musicians, amongst whom I recognised Signor Tito Mattei, Dr. Warwick Jordan, Mr. Gerard Cobb, Dr. Frank Bates (Norwich Cathedral), Mr. Walter Morrow, Dr. J. Warriner and Mr. Theodore Drew (of the Savage Club), &c., &c.

HOW TO ACCOMPANY GREGORIAN MUSIC.

There is probably no other branch of musical practice or routine so ill-defined and so imperfectly carried out as the art of accompanying ancient plain-song.

The taste for good and pure treatment of plain-song being as much an acquired one as the appreciation of any other classical standard of beauty, it naturally follows—when there is no agreement among musical authorities, no accepted method received by them—that beginners prefer whichever school does least violence to their preconceived ideas. To accompany plain-song well is no easy matter, and many qualifications are needed; the principal one (of course assuming some knowledge of harmony and moderate executive power on the organ) being *faith*. The organist must believe in it. If he be a trained musician his faith will probably at first be of the “credo quia impossibile” order, but it may take firmer root later. One thing is of paramount importance. He must study plain-song *as it was intended* to be used; he must sing it (or play in single notes, if possible having the words to which it was originally set under the music) for the purpose of discovering the rhythm, of tracing the cadences, and of distinguishing “passing” notes from “real” notes, as we should say in ordinary music. This done, the chords best suited should be chosen; a choice which, while in the main subject to some rules, will often be empiric and governed by a certain feeling of musical propriety rather than by anything else.

In doing this the organist stands much as a painter depicting some scene in ancient Greece or Rome, or as a novelist writing a novel, the plot of which is laid many years before the Conquest. The public is sufficiently educated to be shocked if the painter should depict a ‘sky sign’ “Try Beecham’s” towering above the Parthenon, or if the hero of the novelist’s story should turn aside humming “the man that broke the bank;” but the public *will and does* tolerate as gross anachronisms in the accompaniment of plain-song. Nay, among those who profess to lead and to be authorities on the subject, not a few utterly travesty the venerable relics which they should either respect or not concern themselves with at all.

To the player, however, who has neither time nor inclination for much study, or who simply plays plain-song because he can’t alter the use of the church he is attached to, some few practical hints, brief and unclassified though they may be, may be of interest.

One leading characteristic of the ancient modes in which plain-song is written, and one which generally first strikes the ear, is the frequent absence of a *leading* note. With the leading note gone, the dominant seventh, that sheet anchor of the

tyro, is no longer available as a penultimate chord, and some other device to effect a final cadence must be sought.

Indeed, so characteristic of plain-song is the *whole tone* between seventh and eighth degrees that, whenever a half tone or true leading note exists, it is generally more in keeping with the music to treat it as the sixth in the chord $\frac{6}{3}$ ($\frac{6}{4}$ being very carefully eschewed) than as the third in $\frac{5}{3}$. Still, when the cadential notes of the termination obviously coincide with those of our minor scale, the introduction of the ordinary leading note of the minor scale in an inner part can hardly be avoided, and may be considered legitimate. To illustrate the principle I now give two cadences, rising and falling to the tonic:—

Example A shows a rising cadence. The correct version (labeled 'not thus' for the incorrect one) has a melody of G-A-B with a bass line of G-B-A. The incorrect version (labeled 'bad') has a melody of G-A-B with a bass line of G-B-A, but the final chord is marked with an 'X' and labeled 'bad'.

Example B shows a falling cadence. The correct version (labeled 'not thus' for the incorrect one) has a melody of G-A-B with a bass line of G-B-A. The incorrect version (labeled 'impossible') has a melody of G-A-B with a bass line of G-B-A, but the final chord is marked with an 'X' and labeled 'impossible'.

In these two examples we note that the melody of A, while common to many ancient modes, is identical with the last three descending degrees of our minor mode. Under these circumstances we give it the benefit of the doubt, and treat it as in D minor. In B the melody ascending is inconsistent with the scale of D minor, so another way of effecting a close has to be sought, and once found is to be remembered as a formula.

Next we will make a table of chords from which we may harmonise. This may—in a rough and approximate manner—be done by finding suitable basses to the *descending* arbitrary minor scale on same tonic, and this table may fairly suffice for general purposes.

The example shows a descending arbitrary minor scale on the same tonic. The melody is G-A-B-A-G. The bass line is G-B-A-G-B-A-G. Two possible bass lines are indicated by 'or'.

Most of these chords may be used in their first inversion, $\frac{3}{4}$; but on no account may the second inversion ($\frac{2}{4}$) be used. Indeed, the effect of example A, despite its secondary and dominant seventh, is infinitely less incongruous than that of the $\frac{3}{4}$ in examples B and C.



More cannot well be said without entering upon a detailed consideration of the subject.

Mr. W. S. Rockstro (see page 769 Grove's Dict.) says that students of plain-song "will do well to fortify their taste and judgment by careful study." This can only be done by dealing with the ancient originals, as I have before suggested, by *comparing* the harmonies used by different arrangers, and, above all, by hearing how plain-song is rendered and accompanied in countries where it has continued to live in unbroken *tradition*. If a pilgrimage to Solesmes is not convenient, St. Sulpice in Paris, and, *faute de mieux*, almost any important church in France or Belgium might be found near enough. To name those who in our country have formed different schools of accompaniment for the tones would inevitably lead me out of my course

Still, I may mention the masterly, though exceedingly free, method of Sir John Stainer. His manner, however, is not an easy one to copy. A master in any art may ride roughshod over the *letter* of its rules, but the *spirit* of the same he will not transgress—at least, in the opinion of his peers—though that despicable creature, the "fifth hunter," may sometimes think that he can score when all the while shewing his own ignorance. The fact is, that if the musician is imbued with the spirit of plain-song he will harmonise intuitively and according to circumstances, and will do many things thus which it would take pages of rules to explain.

Putting aside those who thus follow a *via media*, Gregorianists can in this country be divided into persons who make *music*; the plain-song being a hidden (often a very incongruous) Canto Firmo only, and into others not musicians, who do without music altogether, evolving hideous and appalling cacophonies which are supposed to be "pure," "ecclesiastical," and what not.

Theophile Nizard, no mean authority on plain-song, thus described the parallel condition of things in France; though it is fair to say that we in England entirely "break the record," both in laxness and in theoretical pedantry, to a degree he could not in his day have foreseen:—"Placed between two such rocks *La tonalité Gregorienne* cannot long exist." "*Il faut qu'elle fasse naufrage.*" In fact, unless a reasonable and "moderate" school of accompaniment be evolved and generally used, the tones themselves must come to be discarded altogether.



In the year 1055, Magister Franco, of Cologne, made his important invention of the musical time-table.

"THE study of Beethoven's Sonatas should be entered upon after the mind has been cultivated by a course of education at once philosophic and elegant: without such a preparation the study will infallibly be harassing and disagreeable, even to those who possess more than common susceptibility for musical poetry. Music is the offspring of deep feeling, and by deep feeling alone can its genuine beauties be comprehended and enjoyed."
—*Moscheles*.

THE late Irish composer and vocalist, Tom Cooke (one of the masters of Sims Reeves), being complimented on his appointment to sing at the Bavarian Chapel in Warwick Street with Begrez (pronounced Beg-ray), a celebrated Belgian singer of his day, replied, "Faith, and I never came so near *beggary* before!"

"THE success of mediocre talents in London often provokes the jealousy of artists of greater merit; but it frequently happens that clever, capricious men wantonly set at defiance the rules of good breeding, or are ignorant of them, and leave to others of less talent the benefit of having a respectable character and an obliging disposition. Genius without character may bask in the sunshine of public favour for a time, but in no city I have visited does it permanently succeed in obtaining a social status in good society."—*Ella*.

THE protection of authors' rights in Paris secures to composers of popular works ample remuneration. No such incomes in England have ever been realised by composers as were probably enjoyed by Auber, Offenbach, Ambroise Thomas and Gounod.

THERE are not probably any great artists who have not been nervous performers at some period of their lives, even if by long experience they have learned the art of concealing it.

PEEPS THROUGH AN OPERA GLASS.

No. I.—BIZET'S "CARMEN."

An opera is (as most people know) practically a drama in which the characters generally sing throughout instead of speak. Not a few people, however, go to operatic performances and come away with only a very faint idea as to what it has all been about. While there, they simply regard the performance as a succession of solos, trios or what not (which, for all they know, may have no connection), accompanied by scenery and action. The strange preference of English audiences for performances in all tongues over their own can only be the result of an apathetic or unintellectual attitude of mind; unless it must be admitted that to a certain extent the indifference of the British public is accounted for by the fact that the majority of singers are equally unintelligible in all languages.

Still, it is an encouraging fact that the most popular and long-lived operas have always been those whose story, while fraught with interest in itself, has been intelligently and consistently treated by the composer. Success can hardly fail to attend the fulfilment of both these conditions in the long run, if even it be delayed. We have special instances of the truth of this statement in "Carmen," "Faust" and "Cavalleria Rusticana."

It is no exaggeration if one speaks of Bizet's "Carmen," similarly to Gounod of his own "Redemption," as "the work of his life"—and perhaps with far more reason! Its piquant melodies, effective unconventional harmonies and masterly orchestration will cause it to be remembered and listened to with pleasure for many years.

The whole story turns upon and clusters round the personality of the heroine, Carmen; and for this reason the opera will always be a popular one with *prima donnas*. Carmen is a young and fascinating Spanish gipsy lass, possessed of all the varied characteristics of her race. Love, hate, instability, vanity and jealousy have about equal parts in an impulsive, ardent, happy-go-lucky temperament; and, from the commencement of the opera to its tragic *denouement*, the whole of the interest is centred in her actions.

Carmen, though dangerous and uncertain, is, on account of her beauty and peculiar attractiveness, adored by all her friends and comrades, and the youth of her town are rivals for her favours. She makes the acquaintance of a soldier, Don José—a man betrothed to Micaela, a rustic beauty, and also a friend of his mother, from whose distant village home she brings tender messages. Don José in the pursuit of his duty has to arrest Carmen for stabbing a girl in a street quarrel. He forgets Micaela, succumbs to Carmen's fascinations, and enables her to escape to a

tavern kept by Lillias Pastia, close to the ramparts of Seville. For this act Don José suffers imprisonment. Carmen's fascinations bring to her feet Escamillo, a well-known toreador, a hero of a hundred bull-fights, but she dismisses him at first with scant ceremony. Don José after his incarceration, doing sentry duty, falls again a prey to her wiles, and deserts his post to become one of a band of smugglers. Micaela searches him out in the smugglers' haunt and implores him to return with her to his dying mother. Notwithstanding the fact that Carmen's affections have been evidently transferred to Escamillo, who comes himself to the rendezvous, where the infatuated man engages in combat with his rival, he only yields to Micaela's gentle solicitations after much persuasion. Carmen now resigns herself to Escamillo, and the final scene is enacted in proximity to the market-place and circus where the bull fights take place. Don José presents himself again and implores Carmen to fly with him, as for her sake he has sacrificed everything. She refuses, and returns him the ring he gave her. Maddened with rage and jealousy at her declaration of love for Escamillo he stabs her to the heart, and then gives himself over to the authorities with a confession of his crime. Thus the opera ends.

The prelude to the opera is composed of three main themes, which are repeatedly subsequently heard in the opera. One is that of the march and chorus associated with the heroes of the bull fight in the finale of the last act; another is a portion of the well-known song, "The Toreador;" the third is a phrase which may be termed the "warning" theme, and which is always heard in connection with Carmen, with whom in various forms and guises it is being constantly associated.

The bright opening chorus is remarkable for the constant use of a two bar phrase, peculiar alike in rhythm and melodic outline:—



The chorus of boys which succeeds is original in type: the trumpets are heard behind the scenes making military calls, and to the suggestions of drums and fifes the young military aspirants chant their short phrases, "keeping time." In the final symphony the air is accompanied by rapid triplets in a most effective manner. The next important number is the chorus of cigarette girls (opened by tenors and afterwards basses in unison), in which, by the use of a peculiar arpeggio in the accompaniment and cross-rhythms in the melodies, the

floating of the cloudlets of smoke is suggested. Carmen's appearance is heralded by the peculiar "warning" theme (here used in quick notes), heard for the first time since its use in another form in the prelude:—



This peculiar succession of notes with the augmented second between two of them is at once weird and appropriate, and its subsequent use is of much interest. She sings the famous "Avanera" (a most characteristic strain in D minor and major) and is occasionally joined by the chorus. It is constructed throughout on a pedal bass, as it is termed; and although this D in the lower part is continuously heard for more than one hundred bars, yet it never becomes monotonous. Fragments of this and the "warning" are heard in the recitatives leading up to the lovely duet between Don José and Micaela, "Parle-moi de ma mère," one of the most melodious and touching strains ever written by any composer.

After a bustling chorus, and Carmen's contemptuous treatment of the officers who arrest her (one of whom, by the bye—Zuniga—himself falls a prey to her charms), comes the well-known Sequidille: another most original and piquant melody.



The finale of the *first* act opens in fugue style with a lively subject, and contains a reminiscence of the "Avanera"—but is quite undeveloped.

The intermezzo contains a phrase afterwards sung by Don José in the "camp scene;" the second act opening with a characteristic Canzonet Bohemian, consisting of the wildest gipsy strains; succeeded at a short interval by shouts of welcome at the arrival of Escamillo, who afterwards sings his famous song "Votre Toast," and to the strains in the orchestra of which he departs:—



Then occurs one of the most important concerted numbers in the opera: a quintet for three female and two male voices. It is in the key of D \flat , with the rather unusual time-signature of $\frac{6}{8}$. Its light and tripping subject is highly effective, and its treatment most masterly. Carmen now challenges Don

José, who is acting as a sentinel after his two months in prison, and the two sing the highly important duet, "Je vais danser," in which the distant trumpet call and the castanets play a considerable part. The finale, in which Don José casts in his lot with the smugglers and ultimately deserts the colours, is very animated and melodious.

In the succeeding Intermezzo there is a curious momentary suggestion in one of the phrases of the well-known ballad, "The Minstrel Boy." This melody is afterwards interwoven with another, with which it is heard simultaneously.

The third act opens in the haunt of the smugglers with a terzetto and chorus of a powerful and dramatic kind—blood-curdling chords and progressions are heard on all sides. Don José, touched by a thought of his mother, half resolves to leave the scene, but is prevented by Carmen. Then follows the Card Trio, in which the three maidens seek to read their fortunes. Its picturesque accompaniment should be particularly noted.

The next important number is Micaela's beautiful air, "Je dis que rien," which is quickly followed by the duet between Carmen's rival lovers and Micaela's ineffectual attempts to persuade Don José to leave his surroundings. There are several references in the finale to earlier airs; the lovely theme from Micaela's duet with Don José in the first act is touched upon, as is also the refrain of the toreador's song, while the significant warning motive is ubiquitous.

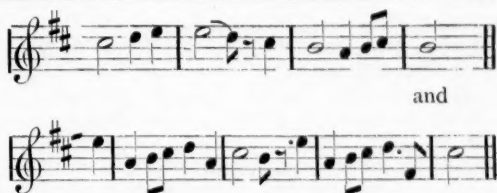
The fourth act opens with a busy scene in the market-place; the sellers crying their wares and the comments of the populace are admirably treated. But better music is to be found in the succeeding march and chorus accompanying the procession to the bull ring. A most piquant theme it is, admirably accompanied. (The subject is first heard in the prelude at the commencement of the work.)



Carmen and Don José are in the crowd; and, although Carmen is warned that her meeting with Escamillo may be fraught with danger, she exchanges a few words with him assuring him of her endless devotion. He goes his way to the bull fight. Don José steps forward, and once more urges his suit. In the passionate duet that follows Carmen declines to entertain it; the music is eminently dramatic, though perhaps not specially interesting melodically. The dialogue of the two is occasionally interrupted by the chorus of "Viva" from the spectators of the bull fight. A very interesting passage, too, is a singular chromatic

figure for the bass instruments, kept up during many bars, where Don José in sheer desperation is clinging to Carmen, who desires to escape. When he finds threats and entreaties alike useless, the "warning" phrase comes again to the fore; after the fatal blow has been struck, a reminiscence of the toreador's song, sung as Escamillo gazes on Carmen's dead body, has a sadly ironical effect, and again the mysterious "warning" phrase is heard, which brings the opera to an end.

The opera is thoroughly dramatic in its entire treatment. The principle of the *leit-motif*, though not carried out fully, is made admirable use of throughout. Particularly is the connection of Carmen with the "warning" *motif* most effective and touching, while Bizet's habit of quoting from earlier scenes and associating certain phrases with special circumstances is most happy. The tender passage associated with Don José's mother, and heard repeatedly in this connection, is especially beautiful.



The part of Carmen was originally written for a low voice, but, in deference to the conventionalities of the opera house, it is usually now sung by a mezzo-soprano, a large number of optional and alternative notes having been inserted by the composer for that purpose. The other important parts are Don José (tenor) and Escamillo (bass); the minor characters having soprano, tenor and baritone parts. There is just sufficient of "local colouring" to make the work characteristic and original; two of the numbers are especially successful in this respect—the "Avanera" and the "Sequidille," both being suggested by national dance measures.



LEAVES FROM AN AMATEUR'S JOURNAL.—No. 1.

To most young students of any orchestral instrument there comes, sooner or later, the grand and noble desire to put their abilities to a really practical test by joining some orchestral society, and thereby to find out by bitter experience how much—and more frequently how little—they know about the pleasures and trials of one of the most varied and exciting branches of the musical art—to wit, orchestral playing.

I well remember the time (some years back) when my vaulting ambition as a student of the irrepressible fiddle led me to worry my old professor at almost every lesson as to the chances I had of being admitted into a certain amateur society, whose conductor was a personal friend of his.

For a long time he laughed at the notion, but by persistently pegging away at scales and studies, coupled with several judicious jogs of his memory as to my unabated determination to become a member, he at last consented to send my name up as a candidate, and in due course I had a summons to attend and be put through my facings. The next week seemed interminable, so eager was I for the fray, and feeling pretty confident that I could get through fairly well; but on arrival at the practice-room somehow or other my confidence became smaller by degrees and beautifully less, especially after comparing notes with three or four other candidates.

The first question we all asked of each other was: "What sort of a test piece do you think he'll select?"

"The Overture to 'Oberon' is a very likely thing," said one, with an air of superior wisdom; "can you play the first fiddle part?" turning to me.

"N-not very well," I replied (as a matter of fact I'd never seen it, and only knew of its difficulties by repute).

"Ah! it is somewhat awkward in places," said our budding Sarasate, patronizingly.

"Do you think it's so bad as the famous passage in Leonora, No. 3?" chimed in another. (Now, I *did* know something of this, having heard it at the Crystal Palace once or twice.)

"Well, he might select that also; but I have played both," he replied, in a tone of calm confidence.

At this I began to feel bad, and by the time we had to be "carpeted" my desire and longing were very much akin to those of certain damp Americans in "The Tramp Abroad," viz., for a back alley and solitude.

At last one of us was summoned, and although the examination was not in the same room we could pretty clearly hear all that passed.

An Adagio from a Haydn Symphony was one test piece, and this proved a fatal rock in the way of our airy, confident, "Overture to Oberon-cum-Leonora" gentleman, as he blundered along, stopped short, tried to count four in the bar in place of eight, played through most of the rests, and finally came an awful cropper over a lot of demi-semi-quavers that really didn't require playing

so very fast, but (as he explained afterwards) "they looked so black that I tried to play them as fast as ever I could."

My turn came at last, and I stood by the music-desk with the much dreaded conductor looking me over.

Short and quick of speech, but with a quiet twinkle in his eye that betokened a keen sense of humour and due appreciation of a joke. Thick double chin, a merry, chuckley sort of laugh when pleased, but a withering look of scorn when some unfortunate fiddler scrambled over a passage that wanted clean, crisp playing.

"Well, young fellow, Mr. — tells me you want to join my orchestra. All right, let's see what you can do; do you know this?" putting a sheet of music up. I didn't know it, and don't to this day, but somehow got through half-a-dozen bars or so without any terrible mistake. Then came the famous Adagio. I set my teeth and registered a mental resolve that I would *not* be bounced by those awful demi-semi-quavers at the end. It commenced (I think) with two chords, forte, the remainder of the bar being filled up with rests during which my heart kept time for me by nobly thumping away. In the next bar however it thumped much too fast, and was thereafter practically useless for the purpose and quite unreliable.

At first I thought it a somewhat peculiar piece to test one's *playing* capabilities, as the bulk of the movement consisted of big tonic and dominant chords, widely separated from each other by lots of rests. But there was more method in that old conductor's madness than I gave him credit for at the time, as later experience has taught me (in company probably with hundreds of others) how much more difficult it is to play a slow movement in strict time, with lots of rests to count, than to dash away into a brilliant semi-quaver passage at a "10 sec. dead gait," as the sprinter would express it.

To cut a long story short, I stuck to my eight in a bar with bull-dog tenacity, went for the big crisp chords with as much of the exuberant vigour and enthusiasm of youth as nervousness would allow, came crash on to a B major chord with a D♯ in it instead of a D♯ (the old chap writhed at this and muttered something—I didn't stop to ask any questions, but it was only a short word, so I guessed at it!), and finally plunged into the long expected demi-semi-quavers with a gasp. Luckily I started well at the heel of the bow, and more by luck than judgment I had just enough bow to go round, or rather to get through the phrase. Thank goodness, that was over and done with! I looked up to see what he thought of it, but his face was inscrutable; its expression might shew either kindly interest and appreciation or keen and sarcastic criticism—the job was to know which.

On being dismissed I returned to the others, compared notes, and we separated. A day or two later I received an intimation that a place was given me among the second fiddles, and I was launched on the glorious restless sea of orchestral music upon which I have since enjoyed many a pleasant cruise.

Most players have some amusing reminiscences to relate, mine are perhaps not so varied or exciting as those of others and space does not permit of the narration of more than one or two, but the following incident happened at Oxford, and shows how easy it is for an unrehearsed effect to upset dignity and decorum most completely at a solemn and very important function.

An old friend of mine asked me to go down and help in the band, the occasion being the performance of his exercise on taking up his Mus. Doc. degree. I assented, and in due course band and chorus (amongst whom were several mutual friends) arrived at Oxford in time to get in a short rehearsal before the grand function commenced about 2.30 p.m.

"Term" had not commenced again, but there was a good sprinkling of undergrads. at the Sheldonian Theatre in company with a large number of friends (and possibly foes in the shape of proctors, bull-dogs and things) to welcome the modest professor, whose arrival on the top landing of the musical Parnassus they hailed with a very fair sample of the biting sarcasm that belongs peculiarly to the 'Varsity undergrad. The Sheldonian Theatre may be roughly described as a concert room, circular in form, with a gallery running about three-parts round, in the centre of which is the Vice-Chancellor's throne or sentry-box or whatever they call it. On occasions like the present the bigwigs turn out in full canonicals and glorious apparel.

Sir F. Gore Ouseley (who at that time held the professorship) literally occupied his chair (or, to be strictly correct, *a* chair) on the platform, armed with a score, and looking awfully bored at the thought of having to wade through it all in the hope of dropping on some unorthodox progression or other musical *faux pas*.

We had all taken our places when our composer-conductor mounted the orchestra, clad in the gorgeous robes and trappings of the Doctor of Music.

"Good old stained glass window!" greeted him from the lips of some irreverent undergrad. when the welcoming applause had subsided. Determined not to have his serenity ruffled by such ribald remarks (if he heard them) he sat down in his seat, and was about to commence operations when Sir Gore Ouseley rushed up and explained to the neophyte that the proper thing to do before going any further was to bow to the Chancellor and his attendant minions.

This he at once proceeded to do most gracefully three or four times (having no doubt well rehearsed this particular movement before the looking-glass at home), but, unfortunately, the Chancellor at the critical moment was grovelling on the floor in search of a truant programme or soothing cough lozenge, and the only thing visible above his book-desk was three parts and the tassel of a somewhat battered trencher. His minions at once called his attention to the fact that the supreme moment had arrived and further search for that lozenge must be abandoned. He looked up and bowed with the air of one who had made a speciality of the art, but the effort was wasted as in the meantime our neophyte, blissfully unconscious of whether the Chancellor had seen him or not, had turned round with the intention of proceeding to business. Sir Gore Ouseley once more came to the rescue, and explained that through some most regrettable oversight on the part of the Chancellor he had been taken unawares, and the formality must be repeated.

By this time the venerable old gentleman's bowing abilities had become somewhat impaired, and he broke down at the very moment our captain commenced his second innings. The watchful minions once more roused their master into action, and this, coupled with the able generalship of Sir Gore Ouseley, who kept *his* principal up to the scratch, eventually resulted in the consummation so devoutly wished. Three solemn bows were at last exchanged. Our conductor then turned round, grasped his bâton and started the overture; whilst the Chancellor, exhausted, sank back in his chair to enjoy his customary nap—I mean, enjoy the performance.

I believe a lightning sketch is still extant of the very amusing contretemps, but unfortunately it cannot be included here.

The following anecdote was told me by a friend who was playing at the time the affair occurred. At a North Country town a grand orchestral concert had been arranged, and the local talent had

been approached with a view of utilizing their services in the band (my friend among the number), the bulk of which consisted of members of Hallé's Leeds orchestra. In one of the numbers a passage occurred which had invariably floored the local fiddlers at rehearsals, and, when they were reinforced by the first-class players of the famous Leeds band, speculation was rife amongst the amateurs as to how the much maligned passage would be rendered by the professors. All went swimmingly until they neared the critical point, when the excitement became intense. At last one enthusiastic player, thoroughly musical to the core but perhaps a trifle unpolished, unable to keep quiet any longer suddenly rose in his place, waved his fiddle vigorously and thus addressed his colleagues: "Ah saay! shoot oop, broother scraapers, and let's 'ear what Geordie (the leader) 'll muck o' this!"

A very good tale is told of an occurrence at a Leeds festival when Sir Sterndale Bennett was conducting. Unfortunately it is no novelty, but possibly it may be news to some readers of these lines and so I venture to repeat it.

The occasion was a rehearsal of the "Messiah," and it had reached the "Lift up your heads" chorus. Sir Sterndale Bennett had been speaking about the antiphonal character of the opening, the sort of question-and-answer business that goes on between the upper and lower strings, and how after having (so to speak) discussed it amongst themselves and the chorus, they come to a unanimous conclusion as to *who* the King of Glory really is, and proceed to announce the fact in unmistakable terms when the full band and chorus enter together. The attack was not quite so crisp and decisive at this particular point as Sir Sterndale Bennett wished, so he stopped and explained the effect he wanted. This was done so lucidly that, when he had finished speaking and was about to recommence, one grizzled old veteran double-bass player was heard addressing his comrade thusly: "Jim! gie us the rosin; *we'll* show 'im who's the King o' Glory!" And they did!!



THE pitch of a sound is due to the rapidity of the vibrations; the loudness, to the amplitude of the sound-wave; and its quality to the shape of the sound-wave. Single musical sounds can only differ from each other in these three ways: pitch, loudness, or quality.

CARE should be taken in choosing a pianoforte to select one with a sustaining quality of tone, *i.e.*, a note struck in any part except the extreme treble should continue sounding for some time after it has been struck if the key is held down. This is one of the best tests of an instrument.

"EACH executant musician, master of his instrument, has some speciality either in tone or style which distinguishes his talent from that of others."
—*Ella*.

"THE knowledge we obtain of surrounding bodies depends upon the practice and use we make of our senses, and it may justly be said that we *learn* both to see and hear."—*Gardiner*. Moral: Keep your wits about you if you would succeed, whether in music or aught else.

ONE-SIDED MUSICIANS.

Carlyle somewhere says that all great men are made of the same stuff. In this (as in most else) he is right. The element of greatness is the same everywhere—in the poet, the statesman, the musician, the painter, or the preacher; it has simply expressed itself diversely. A man's greatness depends no whit on externals, on his environments or surroundings. It is born in him. *What* he will do depends on where he may be placed; but, place him where you will, he will do something worth doing. Granted only that the element of greatness is in him, it will show itself. *How*, may be safely left to Providence. Hence, and this is a truth worth thinking of, no great man is one-sided. "An aim in life" is a necessity, and, in these days of diversity of labour, a man must, of course, devote himself to some particular study, profession, or even hobby, unless he wishes to let all his faculties and powers run to waste. But, if he be worth anything at all, he will beware of allowing all his thoughts, ideas, beliefs to run in one perpetual straitened groove; he will shun the hyper-cultivation of one little side of his nature at the expense and loss of all the rest. Otherwise bigotry, narrow-mindedness, one-sidedness will be the sure result. Only little men are bigots.

Have an aim—a high, ideal one—but cover a wide field, ransack the whole world in your climb after it. Bury no part of yourself; use, improve, educate each; the health of the whole (*i.e.*, of you—yourself) depends on the healthy development of the several parts. This is the lesson we need to learn. An "all-round man" is of most value in a cricket eleven, and it is all-round men the world wants to-day. A politician talks politics, and rightly; but I expect him to be able to tell me something of science, history, and art as well. Theology is the preacher's world; but his discourses will be very milk-and-watery things if he has left all other worlds out of account. And the musician (to reach the goal at last)—he can't be what I understand by a musician at all if it is music alone he has studied. To properly write, read, or listen to a genuine piece of music (what I may call a tone picture), demands the poet's heart, the artist's instinct. The musician is half poet, half artist,

and those who fill the topmost places in the musical world of to-day are men of culture and refinement—19th century gentlemen, in fact. So much cannot be said of the rank and file of the profession. They can talk "shop" (after a certain fashion), and nothing but "shop." You know—we all know—the ordinary professional of to-day. He comes to our houses to give music lessons (well for us if he can do that properly), just as the gas man comes to look at the meter or the baker calls with the bread. We ask him to our parties, our "at homes," our soirées—well, simply because we must have music on these occasions. If we sit next him at dinner we say nothing unless we can think of some musical conundrum with which to puzzle him; as for asking if he has seen Sir Frederick Leighton's last picture, what he thinks of Ouida's new book, or his opinion on Disestablishment—we shouldn't dream of it. Of course he knows nothing of these things; his horizon on one side is Bach, on the other Wagner. "A big enough world lies between," you say? Truly; but every man needs a holiday now and then, and an excursion into some new world would do our professional a deal of good.

Instead, however, of broadening their sphere, many musicians actually narrow it. I have met organists who know absolutely nothing of anything but organs and organ music (perhaps only one particular school of organ music), and take not the slightest interest in vocal, orchestral, or piano music—or, in fact, in anything outside their own petty domain.

These things ought not to be. Music is the highest and best of all the arts, and I would shun nothing so much as lowering it in the estimation of a single individual. Nevertheless, it never ought to dominate any man to the exclusion of all else. It is well worthy of occupying the throne in his intellectual life; but let him see to it that the government is not an autocracy, but a limited monarchy.

This is an apology—if one be needed—for introducing into *The Minim* in the future a few notes and comments on such subjects as Art, Literature and the Drama.

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"AMATEURS often mistake sensibility for genius."

—Ella.

CRISTOFALI is generally said to have invented the pianoforte, about 1711.

THE musical genius of Germany is divided into three eras, each identified with a Triad whose works have successively enlarged the domain of musical art, viz.:—Bach, Handel, Gluck: Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven: Weber, Mendelssohn, Spohr.

SCHUMANN declared many years ago that Wagner's overture to "Tannhäuser" was unplayable.

THE late Sir Charles Wheatstone was laughed at when he mentioned the possibility of connecting Calais with Dover by means of an electric wire and the late Mr. Hart Davis used to relate that a lecturer whom he once heard was derided for suggesting the lighting of London with coal gas.

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